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UNITY

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Contents.

EDITORIAL.	PAGE.
Notes	73
Unitarianism on the Pacific Coast	74
The American Catholic Church	74
The Triumphs of Science	74
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
A Day in October.—F. L. HOSMER.	75
What Shall School Girls Read?— Elizabeth Dawas	75
Brook Pebbles.—MARIAN MEAD.	75
The Conversion of Energy.—John W. Chadwick.	75
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
Am I my Brother's Keeper?—JOHN C. LEARNED.	76
THE STUDY TABLE	77
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	78
THE HOME	79
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.	
Elijah and Elisha: Jahweh or Baal—Which?	79
PUBLISHER'S NOTES	80

Editorial.

THE sympathies of the nation go out to its chief executive. Sorrow is hard to bear under any circumstances; and griefs burden the lives of every one; but there is something particularly pathetic in seeing one standing in the glare of publicity, wrung with a sorrow which no fame or notoriety can alleviate.

Do not overlook the financial report and appeal of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society on the last page. That society is most fortunate in the great quantity and admirable quality of volunteer work which is done for it year by year. All its dollars are amply "fertilized with brains"; its greatest trouble is that the dollars are so few. Its immediate need, *this week*, is one hundred and fifty dollars. Cannot UNITY report for it next week a fifty dollar contribution from some one and ten life memberships at ten dollars each?

THE fine spiritual problem of the truly religious of the present time is to convert the doctrines of the church into the experiences of life; interpret, in terms of ethics, the verities of the

spiritual life. Thus James Martineau fills with fresh life the old thought of conversion when he says that "Personal repentance, the transference of the life from conventionalism to conviction, the kindling of pure and productive affections, must precede and usher in the reign of God upon earth."

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for November might well be called a "Whittier" number. It contains a critical article by George Edward Woodberry, and poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. We trust our readers will not forget the invitation to contribute to UNITY short reminiscences, extracts, stories and quotations for our Whittier memorial number which will be issued upon the anniversary of his next birthday, the 17th day of December.

MANY fear that the dominion of science is to drive out of the field of human life poetry and imagination. Mary Bates Dimond, in the last number of the *Independent*, lets her fancy loose upon the fields of science in some clever rhymings entitled, "Micrology Against Mythology."

"Must the fruit of joy be blighted, full of
Acar! at core?
Must the springs of life grow turbid
through their erstwhile crystal lymph,
Where the crafty Infusoria have dis-
lodged the Water Nymph?
Must some microcosmic nightmare ever
haunt life's rosy dream?
Must the milk of human kindness now
have ptomaines in its cream?"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in his reminiscences of a New England boyhood, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaking of the Sunday-school, says, "Then, you were expected to learn something, and you did. I think it is true that fully one half of the important information which I now have with regard to the scriptural history of mankind, with regard to the history of the Jews, the travels of Paul right and left, or anything else which can be called the intellectual side of the Bible was acquired in Brattle street Sunday-school before I was thirteen years old. . . . Now this has been driven out, and driven out, I believe, by the pressure of the week day school system,—a pressure which I am fighting against in every quarter without success."

WE do not wish to anticipate the report of the Illinois conference which will appear in another column in due time. But we cannot delay extending our congratulations to Secretary Duncan and the friends of the Unitarian cause in the state over the propitious year's work. Never, in the eighteen years of the life of this conference has it come to its annual meeting with so definite a showing of bills paid and work done. All liabilities met, there is left about a hundred dollars to begin the next year's work. Delegates were there from five or six of the new centers that Mr. Duncan has been creating during the last year. Indeed, it is a source of humiliation for us to say that most of the live delegates, filled with missionary purpose and aglow with hope, were those who came from these new fields. Mr. Duncan is learning to use the latest tools and newest methods. The Sunday Circle, in his hands, is becoming the natural method of inaugurating a new movement and plant-

ing the seed of the new church. To abandon this work now is to fly in the face of the providence that is ours, and to prove unworthy the inspiration we profess.

MANY of our readers will rejoice with us to know that our friend and yoke-fellow, M. J. Savage, of Boston, is to have a new, and a big church. The announcement is that it will have an auditorium that will seat upwards of 3,000 people. We trust that this auditorium will soon be filled, and that it will ring with the same manly and progressive gospel that has characterized the utterance of our friend these many years. We are not acquainted with the geography of Boston, but we hope that it is not going out of the reach of the common, plain, working, thinking people.

WE are sorry to find in the pages of an exchange, an account of the decadence, if not the failure, of the great Alpaca mills of Sir Titus Salts & Son in Yorkshire, England. Saltaire was one of the model industrial villages in the world. It was one of the few centers to which Pullman in Illinois and Manchester, Conn., where the Cheney Silk works are located, belong,—communities built by a great industry, and shaped according to sanitary, ethical and social ideals by the same mind that created the industries. The failure of this interesting community is ascribed not to too generous management, or too ideal a conduct, but the shifting phases of fashion, the vicissitudes of which eight years ago reduced the supply of alpaca wool received from Peru. The study of the rise, success and decadence of Saltaire is a tempting one to the student of sociology. Let those who are at the head of great industries try to emulate what was excellent, and avoid the dangers it encountered.

WE commend to our readers the careful persual of the article in the November *Forum*, by Jane Addams of the Hull House, Chicago, entitled, "A new impulse to an old gospel." It is right in the line of the prophecy of Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, spoken of in our editorials elsewhere. Miss Addams' description of the growth of Christianity towards humanitarianism is most suggestive and timely. Perhaps the early Christian church did not realize this as much as her writings would indicate. But that the coming church is learning to emphasize this as the important side of religion, one can scarcely doubt. Perhaps her word is the coming one, and the church that we are looking for is to be known as the Humanitarian church. This is the word which Dr. Hedge used to insist was the one which the earlier Unitarian movement ought to have taken to itself. Perhaps it is not yet too late. The controversies about the Trinity are nearly over, but the attempt to realize the church of humanity is just beginning.

WE happen on this in the *Chautauqua* "Question Drawer" as conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, in 1890. A basket by his side holds all sorts of questions about base ball or theology or what not, sent up for off-hand answers. He puts in his

thumb and pulls out a conundrum, and gives a pop answer, and it amuses the audience, and he lets it go into print. Here is his snap-shot at Emerson:—

"What rank would you assign to Ralph Waldo Emerson as a spiritual man? No rank at all in the Christian sense. If you mean by a spiritual man, a man who discerns spiritual things in the gospel sense, there is not the slightest sign in his history or writings that he ever knew anything about them. He refused to be a minister and left the Unitarian body on this very remarkable ground, that he would not administer the holy communion. He would not show to one martyr, the man Jesus, a peculiar honor. He said he would celebrate something in behalf of all the martyrs of the human race, but would not elevate Jesus Christ above the rest. But, if you mean by the word spiritual that high poetic penetration, that marvelous mystical tendency that invests all material things, that something above and beyond them, then I would put Emerson in the front rank as a spiritual man."

THIS parable, from an American paper, comes to us by the way of London through John Page Hopps's bright little monthly entitled *The Coming Day*. We start it again among the Americans for whom it was first meant, and to whom it still has a message.

One day a Lie broke out of its Inclosure and started to travel.
And the man who owned the Premises saw it after it had started and was sorry that he had not made the Inclosure Lietight.
So he called his swiftest Truth and said: "A Lie has gone loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back, or kill it!"
So the swift Truth started out after the Lie.
But the Lie had one Hour the Start.
At the end of the first Day the Lie was going Lickety-split. The Truth was a long way behind and it was getting tired.
It has not yet caught up.
And never will.

MANY of our Unitarian friends to the eastward seem to be in the same mental attitude toward Chicago's capacity to entertain the World's Fair as New York was two years ago. New York has been converted, thanks to the clear vision of Chauncy Depew and some others; but the Council of the National Unitarian Conference seem still anxious about the comfort of their delegates, were they to be invited to Chicago, and so they have voted to negative the motion made at its last meeting by Mr. Milsted and seconded by all the Chicago ministers and delegates, and subsequently urged by an official vote of the Pacific Conference, the Western Conference, the Wisconsin State Conference and possibly others, and they have decided to hold their next September meeting at Saratoga as usual. Secretary Lyon writes to the chairman of the local committee in Chicago:

It is very hard for us here to believe that the meetings are to receive much attention from visitors to the World's Fair, and this, added to the doubt about lodging, and the attractions of Saratoga and a new hall, have decided us to throw our best interest into the regular meeting of the Conference.

We regret that this decision should be made, because it seems to divide the interest and enthusiasm of American Unitarians just at a time when we are inviting the Unitarians of the world to meet us in an international Congress. We have no anxiety for the Congress, but we have for the National Conference. If it is to save itself from becoming a biennial pleasure party to Saratoga, chiefly attended

by New England Unitarians, it must show the adventurous spirit, the ability to accept new things, inaugurate new methods and contribute fresh impulses. This was the dream of Dr. Bellows for it. Is it fading? Let the Unitarians of the Pacific slope and those of the Mississippi valley stand together more enthusiastically, and thus make this International Congress of Unitarians a significant help to the cause of progressive thought and free faith in the world.

Unitarianism on the Pacific Coast.

The October number of the *Guidon* is before us, a little sixteen page monthly published by the first Unitarian society of San Francisco. In the third year of its life it goes out of existence in its present form with a cheer. It has reached that triumphant euthanasia that is the lot of the children of truth and light; a dying into greater glory, the giving up of life into more life. It says, "This is the last wave of the original *Guidon*. We unfurled it with hope; we furl it with pride and satisfaction. It has fulfilled its purpose, and can afford to pass from sight. Its life is not lost, but merged in a larger one."

This translation is attributable to larger life all around. The Pacific Coast Conference has adopted the paper and proposes to publish it under another name in an enlarged form, and it thus hopes to reach a wider constituency.

We have watched with interest the activity of our brethren on the other side of the mountains. In no part of our country has Unitarianism been so buoyant, aggressive and triumphant as on the Pacific slope during the last half a dozen years. From two or three churches, the list has grown to eighteen or twenty. New buildings and new men are continuously appearing on their horizon, conferences have been organized, headquarters established at San Francisco, the above named and other publication schemes have been launched, and greater things are being continuously dreamed of. The cause for all this is not far to seek. The energy of brothers Wendte and Van Ness, with the A. U. A. money to the back of them, and a great unoccupied and unutilized empire to the front of them made these statistics possible. Compared with what ought to be and what some day will be, these liberal churches on the Pacific Coast are still insignificant in number and inefficient in quality. But, as it is, the Pacific Slope territory offers a most suggestive study to the student of Unitarian missionary work. That there will be shrinkages and disappointments, that there is now some inflation, and that "distance lends enchantment" to some fields goes, of course, without the saying; these are inevitable attendants upon all growths, and it is unnecessary and unwise to magnify them. It is more profitable to note that here is illustrated the safest and truest way of using outside help. If the money of the A. U. A., or any other missionary body, is to accomplish maximum results, its investment must be intrusted to local hands; it must be made to aid and not to conflict or antagonize local administrations and the organizations on the ground.

The indications from the Pacific slope point to a center of activities of their own. A Unitarian Jerusalem must grow up by the golden gate if it is to thrive. At the last meeting of the conference, the women discussed the vexed question again as to whether they would sink their separate organization into the "National Alliance," with its headquarters in Boston, or preserve their distinct individuality,

and separate autonomy, seeking the co-operations of the spirit in the freedom of the letter. The question is unsettled. Much is to be said on both sides. However this detail is determined, one thing is determined,—that the future of the Pacific Unitarians is to be determined not by external accretion but by internal assimilations. Their "pot of gold" spiritually as materially is in their own soil; it must be developed by home industry and become a home product. The natives cannot live on a borrowed religion, even though it be so rare a thing as Boston Unitarianism. They want an Unitarianism of the Rocky mountains and beyond, whose patron saint is Thomas Starr King, whose living prophets are Drs. Stebbins, Elliot, and allies and whose tireless apostles, the Pauls of the Pacific slope, are their own Wendte, Van Ness, and their assistants.

We send our greetings and congratulations to our brothers and sisters of the Occident. Let those who would be wise travel westward as the Magi of old, for in that direction may be found the Christ-Child of the new church, the American church of liberty and life; to-day he is cradled in some manger of weakness, but some day he is to become the mighty power that makes for character, which wins a fellowship through love and not through dogma. Then the Unitarian will forget his name in that larger unity which is humanitarian.

The American Catholic Church.

No more significant contribution to the cause dear to the heart of UNITY has been made for a long time than that which the *Union Signal*, in its issue of October 13, has given to its readers. It comes in the shape of an interview between Frances Willard and William P. Stead, the apostolic and prophetic editor of the *Review of Reviews*. We give the report concerning the coming church entire. The italicizing is our own, though unnecessary because our careful readers would have paused over these words uninvited, on account of their familiar sound and look. There was a time when the social and spiritual conditions in Rome projected a great church. So Germany projected Protestantism, England, Episcopalianism. By the same law, and from the same necessity we believe American democracy will, during the twentieth century, project a church as unique, native, and "to the manor born" as these. The Unitarian movement of to-day may represent more of the germ thoughts of this rising church than any other visible movement of the day, but its contribution will be but a fraction of the whole. That church will combine the truth-seeking deliberation of science, the sin-curing enthusiasm of the W. C. T. U., the devoutness and consecration of Methodism in its most apostolic eras, the Universalist's hope for the future, the Quaker's loyalty to the inner life, and the Unitarian's belief in the humanity of Jesus, interpreting thereby the divinity of man and the fatherhood of God that is love in law, law in love. And perchance it may represent much of the organic efficiency and splendid co-operation of the Romish church without its claim of infallibility and tyrannic attempt to control the thoughts of men. This democratic church is now formed and forming in our midst, and whoever believes in the open mind and applies the same to the problems of religion, is a "member on probation" in the same. He who finds his working inspiration, his religious trust and devout aspiration moving on lines that enable him to be hospitable to those who cannot speak his high words, or use his favorite phrases, is a "member in good

standing" in this church. This church may not recognize itself for some time yet. It may not know what to call itself when it does come to such a recognition, but it will certainly early recognize as its banner words, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." And its sufficient confession of faith will be the expansive bond of union that seeks to advance truth, righteousness and love in the world; and it will seek not to belittle these words for the accommodation of the halting and the doctrinal; but to fill them with their utmost meaning that it may woo the man of science, the statesman, the philanthropist, the Frances Willards, William Steads, Lady Somersets, as well as the John Fiskes, Thomas Huxleys and Herbert Spencers of the coming century to its ranks, and thus realize, indeed, the great "civic church of the future."

Miss Willard calls Mr. Stead "A genius who has never yet worshiped at the altar of the 'God of Bounds.'" Let him speak now:

"Mr. Stead, what do you think of the W. C. T. U.?"

"I think so much of it, and I have so much faith in its development that I object to three-fourths of its title. It consists of four words. Three of them limit its scope. 'Woman' restricts it to one-half the race. 'Christian' affixes a label which repels many who are really Christian in spirit. 'Temperance' elevates one single plank in your platform to a disproportionate position and therefore to a misleading predominance. If you can get rid of these three sectional and limiting words, I don't see any limit to the future scope of your Union."

"Really, Mr. Stead, you take away my breath when you take away our title in this wholesale fashion. What would there be left of us if you had your way?"

"Everything that is worth keeping, and you would begin to see as some of us have seen that in your Union there is the germ and shadowy outline of the civic church of the future. You were like Saul, the son of Kish, who went seeking his father's asses, and found the prophet who anointed him King of Israel. You began by crusading against the saloon, and lo, you have laid the foundations of the New Church, which will be composed or federated from all the churches co-operating in the great work of the salvation of society. You have begun to bring into being the American conception of the humanized and democratic form of the Catholic Church. This is more than prohibition, more even than woman's suffrage. It is the great want of the world." Then Mr. Stead drew breath, and said:

"You know how in Holloway jail it was given me to say to the individual, 'Be a Christ.' And now I have to add to that and say that the time has come for a serious and determined effort to interpret the Fatherhood of God and the motherhood of the church."

"What would you call it then?" I asked.

"There is only one name, your fathers found that out in Oden as long ago as 1829. Its name is the church of God."

DR. GORDON, pastor of the Old South Congregational church in Boston, has recently proven his loyalty to the American Board of Missions by speaking his plain convictions about their method of licensing only such as held the most conservative views concerning the future. In a public address he said:

"Patience is beautiful, but remember upon your patience and mine this passionately partisan management fattens and grows bolder and more defiant. This denominational organization is used as a stronghold for a retreating polemic theology, and we, the besiegers, are asked to continue our supplies in order to save the garrison from embarrassment and capitulation. It is merely a conflict of opinion and not an injunction served upon the competent and consecrated life of the church, we might afford to continue patient. But this management of our foreign work is a restriction upon Christ, it is a closed harbor to an eternal love, it is a quarantine upon the gospel."

Dr. Gordon's church is said to be the heaviest contributor to the funds in America, but such words as these are worth more to the Board and bespeak a truer kindness than all the money.

To be steadily conscious of being an imperfect instrument of love must be the greatest misery.

The Triumphs of Science.

By means of the electrical spark they are now able to photograph an object that travels at the rate of 180,000 miles an hour. To do this, a revolving glass makes 1,024 turns every second, traveling 150 times as fast as a rifle bullet.

A QUEBEC blacksmith has tempered aluminum to the hardness of steel; another indication that the prophesied age of aluminum is coming. Then iron will be cumbersome and available only for the cruder arts.

PARIS is already "discussing its telescope for the World's exhibition of 1900. Of course it is to be the biggest thing yet," and to cost half a million.

The Faith that Makes Faithful.—By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Eight sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "I had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," by Mr. Gannett, and "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones. Square 18mo, 137 pages. Imitation parchment, 50 cents; cloth, full gilt, \$1.00; special paper edition, ten copies for \$1.50, this edition sold by the publishers only in packages of ten.

Frances E. Willard says of it: "The Faith that Makes Faithful is purely Unitarian. But it says in style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, 'Quit your meanness.' The book was such a help to me in my endeavor to quit my own, that I wrote a little notice of it in some paper, and a young Methodist minister seeing what I had said, sent for the book, then sent me a reproving line because, he said, I had misled him; he did not wish to read the writings of a Unitarian, and wondered that a Methodist, like myself, would speak of them with praise. Whereupon I wrote back to him, mildly inquiring if he had never received benefit from the sayings of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus,—if he had not, in his classic course at college, spent considerable time over the writings of Unitarians who lived in Greece and Rome, and if a man who wrote so reverently of God, and so helpfully of our duties to our fellow men with whom we live, was to be cast out of the synagogue because he lived in the nineteenth century, rather than in the last before Christ or the first after him. At this, the young man had the grace to write again, telling me that he looked upon himself as impertinent, and though I had thought so when the first note came, I was well assured that he was not, when I had read the second."

Truths for the Times. By Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Ph. D. Fifty affirmations concerning Religion, Judaism, Christianity, Free Religion and their Relations. Paper, 10 cents.

This pamphlet, though first published nearly twenty years ago, enunciates truths that are as much needed and almost as much discredited as ever. No inquirer in religious questions of the day can afford to miss it. We have also the following pamphlets by Dr. Abbot.

Christian Propagandism, 10 cents.
Compulsory Education, 5 cents.
The God of Science, 10 cents.
A Study of Religion, 10 cents.
The Battle of Syracuse, 10 cents.
The Public School Question, 10 cents.
The Proposed Christian Amendment to the Constitution, 5 cents.
Is Romanism Real Christianity? 10 cents.

A Grateful Spirit and other Sermons. By James Vila Blake. Cloth, 12mo, 303 pages, \$1.00.

It is with a "grateful spirit" that we take this volume up or lay it down. Once more it proves what high religiousness is possible in connection with the most radical thought.—*Christian Register*.

Mr. Blake is predominantly a moralist of a pure and true strain, but a poet as well, and his moralizing on life is neither trite nor dry; it is such as to strengthen a deep and sober confidence in the Eternal Righteousness.—*Literary World*.

The Auroraphone. A romance. By Cyrus Cole. 12mo, 249 pages, cloth, \$1.00, paper, 50 cents

The fact that we are living in an age of scientific discovery and invention, of advancing ideas in regard to social problems, seems to furnish stimulus to idealistic romance writers, and, consequently, the trend of imaginative literature to-day is in the direction of possible future scientific discovery, socialist reform and occult wonders. Of the many such attempts at scientific romance writing, "The Auroraphone," by Cyrus Cole, lately published, is one of the most successful in its treatment. It is sprightly in style, sensible in logic, and scientific in its denouements.—*Religio Philosophical Journal*.

Contributed and Selected.

A Day in October.

I leave behind the crowded street,
The city's noise and stir,
And face to face with Nature meet,—
Her happy worshiper.

I walk the unfrequented road
With open eye and ear;
I watch afield the farmer load
The bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no man's toil,
No trespasser am I,
And yet I reap from every soil
And the unmeasured sky.

I gather where I did not sow,
And bind in mystic sheaf
The amber air, the river's flow,
The rustle of the leaf—

The squirrels' chatter in the trees,
The sunlight sifted down,
The wholesome odors on the breeze
O'er ripened harvests blown,—

The hills in distance purple-hued,
The tinkling waterfall,
The "deep contentment of the wood,"
The peace o'erbrooding all.

A beauty springtime never knew
Haunts all these quiet ways,
And sweeter shines the landscape
through
Its veil of autumn haze.

The conscious maples by the stream
Their mirrored charms admire;
The water kindles in their beam
And flows in liquid fire.

What though the groves are silent now,
Though never a bird sings,
And quiet meadows no more know
Shadows from sunlit wings:

Yet is their summer music part
Of the still atmosphere,—
Nature prolongs by subtle art
To sight what pleased the ear.

The blessing of the springtime rain
And all the summer's shine
Are garnered in the golden grain
And purple of the vine.

And all my separate senses seem
To-day one open door
Through which in full life-giving stream
The universe doth pour.

Like him of old on Horeb's mount
I take again my way,
New-strengthened from the healing
fount
Of this October day.

F. L. HOSMER.

What Shall School Girls Read?

"In the first division I include the historical novel, as I certainly do not think that a girl is wasting time by reading the best of Walter Scott's novels, or Miss Aguilar's 'Days of Bruce'—from which, by the way, I gained a much more vivid idea of the Scotch history of that time than I ever did from the 'Student's Hume,'—or Kingsley's 'Hereward the Wake,' 'Westward Ho!' and the like, since they have a good solid substratum of history. But apart from the historical tale or novel, there are charming versions for our little ones of English, French and other histories, very often attractively illustrated; and for the elder ones, Macaulay's Essays, the 'Comeos of English History,' 'Lives of the English Queens,' and similar books, which gives us, so to say, 'a peep behind the scenes' and endow the characters with individuality, the scenes with reality, and the incidents with truth. Outside our own history, books such as 'Constantinople,' by Giberne, Mrs. Oliphant's 'Makers of Florence' and 'Makers of Venice,' give us a graphic picture of the great towns and personages of the middle ages; and what more fascinating reading is there than Prescott's Histories of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru, or Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.

"By classical reading I mean reading which will make them familiar

with the mythology, modes of life, and history, both political and literary, of Greece and Rome. Some may object that this is more suited to boys than girls, but the chief reason I strongly recommend it for girls is because, without this knowledge, they cannot appreciate modern paintings and sculptures, or fully understand the best of our modern literature, be it poetry or prose; therefore, in their school days they should get an insight into Greek and Roman mythology and history, which will live forever in the world's art and literature.

"I need hardly stop to mention any of the many charming books written for children about classical mythology and history. We all know Kingsley's 'Heroes,' and Professor Church's well-illustrated series of stories from Homer, Livy, etc., and last but not least, Cox's 'Tales of Ancient Greece.' And for their private reading we might induce our girls to make an acquaintance with the epics and tragedies of antiquity, by means of the fine translations we possess. Why should a girl not enjoy reading Lord Derby's metrical version of the Iliad, or Pope's of the Odyssey, or Butcher and Lang's clever prose translation of it, or some good translation of the Aeneid?

"General or Scientific.' This is rather a comprehensive heading; under it I should like to include elementary books on astronomy, natural history, geography, geology. "We believe that most boys delight in such books as White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and we ask ourselves why should not girls do the same; perhaps girls in the country, accustomed to accompany their brothers on their rambles, do, but as a rule they seem to have little natural taste for these subjects. Some easy and interesting book, as 'The World at Home,' or 'Father Alder,' might be read and explained to them; and as they grow older such books as 'Madam How and Lady Why,' 'Sun, Moon and Stars,' 'The Forty Shires,' or the 'Story of the Heavens,' might be studied with them. The chief thing we teachers have to do is to try and awaken a many-sided interest, so that when they leave school, they may feel inclined to read for themselves more about these subjects, of which they have learned the outlines with us.—Elizabeth Dawes, Educational Review, (London,) from Review of Reviews.

Brook Pebbles.

O mountain stream, with thy bed
Of bright-washed pebbles, more dear
Than gems, for their blue and their red,
Fainter, are subtly akin
To harmonies caught by the loving ear
In the elemental din,—
To make the wild brook a pavement clear
Is more than to sleep in earth with the
dead,—
O happy stream in thy bed!

O pebbles laved by the stream,
Waifs of a primitive world!
Unimagined histories gleam
In the angled quartz, and the smooth blue
and brown;
Yet so long the waters have purled
About you, and, sliding forever adown,
So long their eddies have swung and
whirled,
That born of the dead, nor fire-scarred, ye
seem,
O happy stones of the stream.

MARIAN MEAD.

The Conversion of Energy.

Some of you, I am sure, have read the Life of Elizabeth Gilbert. The briefest summary of what she was and did will afford a very striking illustration of one form of moral conservation,—the development of faculty through limitation and defect. She was a bishop's little daughter, whose sight was destroyed in her third year by an attack of scarlet fever, which bequeathed to her a general inheri-

ance of ruined health. Throughout her childhood and her youth she was not unhappy, her misfortune attracting to her a great deal of sympathy and attention. It was when she came to the threshold of womanhood that the difference between her life and that of her several sisters came home to her with agonizing force. Then in a happy hour, after a period of intense depression, threatening to shake her reason from its seat, she met a noble woman who cherished the conviction that, even for women cut off from love and marriage by some superiority or defect, a useful, happy life was possible, that the energy of their thwarted instincts might be converted into an energy of social good. The mind of the poor sightless girl, impregnated by the stronger mind of her companion, conceived a hope that she might accomplish something, notwithstanding her pathetic limitation. The energy of her sorrow and despair was gradually transmuted into an energy of sympathy and helpfulness. Advantages are obligations. She was blind, but she had every alleviation of her calamity that wealth could buy or love could give. There were many blind who had none of her alleviations. What could she do for these? In a London cellar she set up a shop for the sale of baskets manufactured by the blind. This was soon outgrown; and shortly an association was organized for carrying on the work, which in a few years could show a balance-sheet of £7,000. "Don't work yourself to death," a friend said to her one day. "I'm working myself to life," she answered, with a laugh. Working herself to life! What pregnant words! How many that now waste themselves to death might work themselves to life if they could but convert the energy of their frivolity or their despair into the energy of some beneficent activity! Before Elizabeth Gilbert's death, thanks to her loving zeal, there were large and well-appointed workshops in almost every city of England where blind men and women were employed, where tools had been invented or modified for them, and where agencies had been established for the sale of their work. But no one who understood the course of her experience could truly say of her, "She saves others; herself she can not save." She did save herself; not from all pain and deprivation, but from all bitterness of spirit, from all blackness of despair.—John W. Chadwick.

ONE can imagine that the average man in Jerusalem at that period would have given an estimate of Jeremiah something like this: "He is an innocent, well-meaning kind of a crank. Against him personally nothing can be said. His life is above reproach. No one questions his sincerity. He bewails the degeneracy of the times. He is always calling upon the people to repent and turn to God. He feels that he is called upon to be the guardian of public and private morals. He acts as if people were not competent to judge for themselves in such matters. He would interfere with personal liberty at a hundred points if any one cared for what he says. He pleads for an ideal state of society. He does not fit the age. He does not seem to care that he is not sustained by public opinion. He has been preaching in that line for twenty-three years and has scarcely made any impression." Many doubtless estimated Jeremiah's work in Jerusalem in that way, but it was not a failure.

It is strikingly true that Jesus himself made only a small circle of converts in his three years of toil. He is not to be estimated by the impression that he made on his own age. He was then sowing the seed, and we

are still reaping the harvest. In the same way the work of the true preacher should be estimated by its influence on others after years have passed. The one who feels that he has a message from God to deliver does not delight in the spectacular. He wants to do something real whether he has the credit for it or not. Often the grandest work that the preacher does cannot be expressed in figures. Indeed, no one may know of it at the time. In a very wide sense it is true that the things that are seen are temporal, while those that are not seen are eternal.—The Advance.

WHEN you have lost a treasure,
Draw up to your full height
And see what meagre measure
That treasure kept you at.

—Edwin R. Champlin.

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Am I my Brother's Keeper?—

A SERMON BY JOHN C. LEARNED, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Few texts of Scripture have been oftener used to point the moral and adorn the tale of man's inhumanity to man. It has been the watchword of philanthropy—a warning to all those who, for any reason, stood aloof from the work and schemes devised for reforming the world; an invitation to any willing to join the company of such as felt responsible for the world's woes. "Am I my brother's keeper?"—that brutal and even bloody answer of Cain, seeking to evade the question of God, seeming to say what matter of mine is it whether Abel is dead or alive—how cold and cruel it is, though sounding down to us after so many centuries of time and from the primeval life of the race!

Of course we see that the question was an evasion. It was an insincere answer. Evil conduct, growing out of an evil spirit, had culminated. A crime had been committed. Cain well knew where Abel was. He would fain *not* have known—for he lay weltering in his blood, speechless and blind, where the angry blow of Cain had felled him to the earth. And when he said "Am I my brother's keeper?" he was trying to throw off a responsibility which had now become irksome—as responsibilities are apt to become when unlawfully assumed.

I shall seek to show at this time that there is entirely another sense in which this text may be interpreted: that responsibilities may be selfishly sought or unwisely accepted; and that we ought to say distinctly when we are asked if we are our brother's keepers, "No, we are not," as the only truly worthy answer.

What was the trouble between Cain and Abel? That which is perpetually rising between two types or stages of civilization, or between two classes in the community, or between two neighbors where there are conflicting interests. Abel kept sheep and herds; Cain tilled the ground. The herdsman and the agriculturist have always had rivalry, feuds and open strife. The story seems to make Abel the favorite of God; but plainly Cain was the stronger, richer, perhaps. For the agriculturist has always superseded the nomad with his roaming flocks. Naturally enough Cain wished his fields protected against the feeding and trampling sheep of the shepherd. Naturally he saw no reason why the divine favor should be given to one who offered a bloody sacrifice from the herds, and withheld from one who brought the firstfruits of his tillage. But it can scarcely be doubted that being the stronger and the richer, having attained to the higher and more commanding type of civilization, he oppressed his brother. In fact that is the great crime of civilization in the past, the higher class or race oppresses the lower. And the strange thing is that it does this, or claims to do it, for the good of this lower class or race. It finds a reason or excuse for its control of the lower orders of society, up to the very point of despotism, in the sentiment that they need to be looked after, cared for, trained to service for their own good. So the higher and the stronger and those who set themselves up for being wiser and better, become everywhere their brothers' keepers, take the interests of those below them into their hands and then claim no little credit for their skill and devotion in caring for the well-being of society.

And yet it is doubtful if any fallacy of human reason, or any delusion of the human mind, has led to more mel-

ancholy results, to more bitter bondage and strife and suffering.

I. It is a story beginning far back in the annals of the race,—that of the stronger taking possession of the weaker. In its origin, it was the outgrowth of selfishness. The strong must direct and rule, the weak must serve. The conquered were enslaved and made to do the drudgery of life. One race, one set of men, one family or house saw how all others could be kept and used to enhance their comfort, their wealth, their power. "We, (said they) are our brothers' keepers. We will see to it that their service is not wasted, that their strength and substance goes to extend our happiness and glory, and to promote the wealth of the land." This was the first step in civilization, the subjugation of weak tribes and races, the organization of lower classes to minister to the upper. Thus the crude and lawless material of society was set in order, managed, worked into a certain shape, and held by the power of custom. To begin with, no attempt was made to justify this policy except by the law of selfishness. It pleased men to do it, and so they did it. But as the moral sense developed and a better reason was demanded for these high-handed and arbitrary methods, men found the arguments of expediency available. It was good for the greatest number. It was better for the lowest classes, for the slaves, that they be kept at their tasks under masters, than that they run to idleness and freedom. Only under strong governments can great virtues be created. Men must know their place. Without the force of restraint and authority all goes to anarchy. Every civil despotism, every form of nationalism has made as its first declaration, "We are our brother's keeper, and we intend to keep him."

See again how this worked in the church, and under the forms of religion. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, said pope, and priest and every true ecclesiastic. Yes, said every creed and council and doctor of divinity. Think as we think, accept our confession of faith, perform these rites, or perish everlastingly. And men gave up all, went to the remotest corners of the earth, practiced every device of threat or persuasion, to gain and control their fellowmen in the interest of the church and for the salvation of their souls. On the face of this what could be more unselfish? But here, though inaugurated from disinterested motives, there came in a greed of power, an ambition for preferment and display, and even a love of luxury and ease, not surpassed in all the extravagances, intrigues and cruelties of the state. What crimes, what atrocities have not been committed in the name of religion? How have men, women and children been persecuted and oppressed, deprived of light and truth, of love and liberty; have been tortured, even burned and butchered, all under plea for their temporal or everlasting good, and for the good of the world!

The same principle has worked its way into the lesser worlds of finance and industry, of social custom. The strong have said to the weak, We will manage you, protect you, show you your place. We know what you want better than you do yourselves. Let us fix prices, wages, profits, hours, holidays, trades, occupations, and all will be well. And this scheme of "fixing" things may have seemed to work well for a while. But at length monopolists, and managers, and committees of whatever sort, have found themselves with more business and responsibilities on their hands than they knew how to carry. It is apt to happen that just as soon as absolute control seems to have

been acquired, just as soon as any class of the people have come to be well trained into docility and dependency, then some juncture in affairs, some reverse in the current of business occurs to make this responsibility irksome. Those who have set out on some line of protection to be their brothers' keepers are asked to keep them when there is nothing to keep them with. In many cases the feeling of dependency and consequent expectancy, long cultivated, has made a whole class helpless. They have been moulded into submission when they should have been educated into self-reliance. Individually they have become unfitted to find business for themselves, or to cope with the chances and conditions of life. In our own day we have seen the action and reaction of these causes, like the fever and the chill of disease, in all the dreary conflicts of labor and capital. Monopoly, protection, class-legislation, trades-unions, combinations and alliances, offensive and defensive, all are organized on the principle that the individual by himself is either dangerous or helpless. He must be looked out for and regulated for his own good, or for our good, as the case may be. As there is one church in Christendom which, by cultivating through centuries the spirit of dependence and of obedience to authority, has done more than all others to retard progress, to weaken the powers of reason, to create helplessness and poverty by its very ministrations to helplessness and poverty, so those corporations and associations, whether civil or industrial, which have most completely effected the subordination, and suppressed the individual spirit of the classes which compose them, have taken upon themselves a responsibility of the heaviest sort. If the upper classes of society put themselves in the position of caretakers for all the woes, failures, shortcomings of the lower classes; if they are willing to hold themselves responsible or accountable for all the destitution and vice of the slums, it is more than possible that the thriftless and vicious and unfortunate will echo back their conclusion. "Yes, you are responsible, and therefore to blame. Does not common humanity declare that you are our keepers, our supporters, on whom we must depend for aid and subsistence?" And the result would probably be that the slums flourish and the thriftless multiply. We know how the plan works in political matters. We have had signs of it even in our own government. It is the very spirit of paternalism. The people instead of thinking how they can support the government are always casting about and devising legislation to make the government support them.

II. Whatever may be said in behalf of the emphasis laid upon inequalities in the primeval periods of society, when power and might, when slavery and subjection were necessary to mould the savage into a man, and form the cake of decent custom, we have entered upon a new era of civilization. For a century now, the most advanced minds have risen to proclaim the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity. Even a few governments, among which is our own, have embodied these ideas partly or wholly in their constitutional laws. In other words the masses of men are not looked upon and treated as flocks of sheep or dumb cattle to be led hither and thither, or to be slaughtered and devoured, at the capricious pleasure or for the profit of the herdsmen. Rather are they to be considered as equals in social opportunity and in civil privileges. Brothers also—not to be made servants of and kept under control, but brothers in fact, endowed with the inalienable rights of liberty in the pursuit of success and happiness.

But this throws each man upon his own responsibility, and it never takes it from him unless by some legal process for some legal offense. It preserves intact against all encroachment the principle of individualism, that primarily, every man has his own life to lead, his own success to make or lose, his own destiny and fortune to determine. If you cut or weaken the nerve which keeps this sense alive, you have done the worst possible thing both for the man and for civilization. If any man is your brother, with mental and bodily faculties such as endow him with manhood, you will be his helper, his fellow, friend; but you will not be his keeper. To assume that superiority harms both him and you. Even if temporarily, and for some immediate purpose, it may seem to benefit or enrich you both, in the end it shall make you poor indeed. Such relations are apt to be selfishly formed; on the one side for profit, or on the other to be freed from too much toil and care. But even if they are unselfishly entered into, the result is much the same—weakness, loss of energy, as the sense of inferiority and dependence increases.

No! You are not your brother's keeper, and he is not your tool or servant. Your sense of superiority, involved in the duty of *keeping* him, will forever prevent you from most effectually befriending and helping him. True help, like true friendship, is between equals. The reason why so much of what we call charity and philanthropy fails, or but promotes the evils it is meant to cure, is because in it inheres that demoralizing spirit and habit of thinking of the poor and needy and erring as a class below us, which is put into our charge, people whom we are to *keep*—spiritually perhaps, at the very least we are to keep them in bread and butter. Can we blame them, if under such an assumption on our part they fall back upon us to consume from our abundance what they claim for their necessities? The professional looking up to us of the beggar is the direct result of the professional looking down of the charitable and philanthropic. It is the tribute which servility pays to pride; and the professional relation of giving or getting under these circumstances, has no virtue, no redemptive power in it. Almost never, therefore, is a man helped, *really* helped, encouraged, made strong to go forward and do for himself, except by his equal. In his equal he can see and feel the act of self-denial and gains a sense of the validity and reasonableness of his own effort. Difference of rank, especially when that is appealed to as a *reason* for the help rendered, vitiates the result. It is little apt to beget gratitude or ambition.

I do not mean to say of course that any absolute equality of outward conditions is a necessity to fellowship, to friendship, or helpfulness. If we were as penniless and hungry and thriftless as the beggar, we should be beggars, too. But what I mean is, that the gift given and the hand of help held out, must be for the cause and on the plane of our common humanity. It must be as from brother to brother. I must know in the first place that the want is a real one and that some genuine effort has been made to avert or supply it. I must see myself in his place and in a certain sense personally blameless for the present misfortune. I must also, thinking for him, see some way out of the depths of his distress, and give him the benefit of my own thought and experience. Then, if there is any hope for him, or energy in him, my words, my sympathy, will make my gift of some effect. My exhortation will give him heart, make it easier for him to avoid temptation, or

he will be more prudent than to repeat his mistakes.

Human panaceas for the renovation of society—how many there are in every age! Yet they constantly fail and are soon abandoned. No reformer ever succeeded by merit of his special remedy. "It is the lot of every one who expects to renovate society by the immediate force of a special doctrine or plan, of whatever ideal value, to be proved in so far a false prophet." And while incidental advantages will emerge to be wrought into the grand result, these remedies do harm so far as they traverse the divine law of natural selection, that only the fittest in the long run can or should survive. Most of the schemes which have been urged with the greatest enthusiasm, have been methods of "keeping" the brother. We were to look after him and legislate him into the right shape. We were somehow to control him and make him do the state's or the church's bidding, when he was already so weakened by the protection and bondage of his condition that the first of all his needs was that he should be let alone, left to shift or try for himself, or taught to rely upon his own judgment or powers. That has been the blessing and pride of America, that on this new continent men could live the life of independence. It was at any rate the purpose of democracy that such laws as were adopted, should not enable a few or the many to deprive others of their rights, but rather to prevent one man from "keeping" another. Of course in this experiment of free government a man would often go wrong and harm himself, even making a failure of his life. But only in the way of liberty and unrestricted choice, could he gain his feet or reach the estate of true manhood. Even the child of the family too long and too completely provided for fails to develop foresight and energy. There is, however, in the human race, as in all orders of creation, a self-recuperative power, and a tendency to progress. We must have confidence in this inherent force, though great numbers of men make shipwreck on the shores of time. And on the whole it is better for the interests of humanity that it preserve the principle of individual freedom. Man to be a man must be himself, think his own thought, do his own act, and thus be maker and master of his own place—no mere senseless sand-grain in the collective drift. Said the sage Mencius: "Have you watched the growing grain after the season of drought; how, when the rain falls, it stands up refreshed. Who can keep it back? Yet these shepherds of men all love to destroy men. Were there but one who did not, the people would hasten to obey him as rushing waters that cannot be stayed."

Religion, surely, can have no higher use, no other use than to help humanity by throwing light upon its problems, and by giving cheer to its fainting heart. Yet ever more as I interpret it, it says respect the sacredness of individual liberty, sanction no scheme which weakens individual responsibility, or which tramples upon individual rights. Count a man a man for all the uses of society, as one method of keeping him such. Distrust him who constitutes himself the keeper of his brother. That privilege is not conferred of God. Nor can it be given by the people, except for such, as either by their bodily infirmities or mental imbecilities, or moral delinquencies are a charge upon public charity or public justice. Let us evermore seek to persuade men and befriending them, that they may give themselves to the highest interests of life. But compulsory restraint or any control which substitutes another's judgment and choice for a

man's own personal liberty, except within the narrowest limits and for the protection of natural rights, must impede development and deaden all the aims and activities of society.

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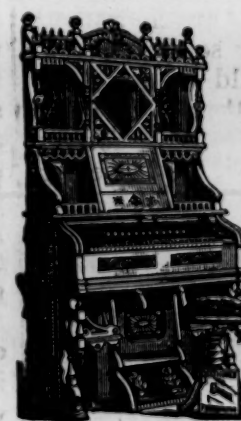


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Notes from the Field.

Moline, Ill.—The eighteenth annual meeting of the Illinois State Conference was held here Oct. 25-27. The Conference opened on Tuesday evening with a sermon by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, upon "The Time Factor in our Judgment of Life and its Questions." Following this service the church was transformed into a parlor. Refreshments were served by the Moline friends and a pleasant hour spent socially. The Conference program, as heretofore published in *UNITY*, was followed out with few exceptions. The Wednesday morning meeting was pleasantly conducted by Mr. Backus, who has taken the pulpit at Alton, left vacant by Mr. Stevens; and in the memorial addresses of Thursday afternoon Mr. Jones and Mr. Hosmer took the places of Messrs. Skilling and Loomis, speaking respectively upon Walt Whitman and George William Curtis. Mr. Blake closed the conference with a sermon upon "Natural Religion as a Spiritual Stay." The Wednesday afternoon session was given to the discussion of social questions. Following the interesting papers of Miss Pervier, Mr. Penny, Mr. Brown and Mr. Van Orman, there was a suggestive and profitable discussion upon Nationalism and upon Labor and Capital, presented in different aspects by the papers. The platform meeting of Wednesday evening wherein Messrs. Penn, Gould, and Jones presented different aspects of the religious gain of the last four hundred years, was well carried out. Rev. T. G. Milsted conducted the morning meeting of Thursday.

The report of the Conference Secretary, Rev. L. J. Duncan, was a paper of special interest, admirable in its clearness and business-like quality. It blew no trumpets and made no boasts, but was a simple statement of faithful work followed on long lines. This work he is to continue another year by vote of the Conference, that evidently felt the cumulative force of experience in the field. The point more specially developed the past year is Streator, a city with a population of 12,000. Much interest has been awakened here, and a delegate from this mission-post expressed the firm belief that a strong society would come in time.

The weather was fine, the hospitality of the Moline friends cordial, and the meetings of interest and profit. Mr. Judy, from his Davenport church across the river, was unable to be present, to the great regret of all; but his indisposition, confining him to the house, is not serious. Mr. Hosmer preached for him the following Sunday.

Denver, Col.—October 5th, occurred the meeting of the Woman's Alliance, at which Miss Watson read an interesting paper on "The Religious and Moral Training of Children." Miss Watson's papers are always very welcome, being full of thought and earnestness.

On the evening of the same day a most agreeable Sunday-school teachers' meeting was held at the home of Superintendent C. E. Montague. Much interest was manifested in the papers read by Miss Hinsdale and Mr. Hoskins.

The young folks' dramatic entertainment, October 12, was a great success.

Oct. 16, was "Harvest Sunday." The children and their friends sent vegetables and flowers, which were heaped in profusion on the pulpit. The exercises consisted of music by the children and choir and a sermon by Mr. Eliot.

Oct. 19, the Ladies' Aid Society gave a supper. These suppers are always a success, not only in a financial way, but in social enjoyment.

On alternate Sunday evenings we are having a series of meetings for the study of social problems. At the first one, Oct. 9, the Mayor, and Dr. Sewall, our city physician, talked upon "The Care of the Public Health." The next meeting which occurred Oct. 23, we discussed "The Prevention and Punishment of crime." Mr. J. S. Appel, of the State Board of Charities, and President Slocum, of Colorado College, made admirable addresses.

Tokyo, Japan.—A private letter from this place speaks encouragingly of the work, and especially of the interest shown by many of the native population in the thought and faith represented by the Unitarian movement in America. There is just now a large demand for Channing's works among orthodox converts, and it is purposed to translate the *Unity Mission tract* (first in the series of "Four Great Masters") for local use, to be followed in due time by the rest of the series. At the same time many of the Japanese read English, and there is a call for these tracts in English. Any contributions sent by our readers to *UNITY* office, in care of F. L. Hosmer, Western Secretary, for this purpose, will be duly acknowledged and the money used in supplying such tracts as are most desired by Rev. W. I. Lawrance in his work. "This year is to be made one of special activity in circulating our thought by the printed page in Japan," so writes our correspondent. Our school there, he writes, opens with some fifteen students, who will become

teachers of their fellow-countrymen. Two Japanese professors have just been added, both men of high attainments and wide reputation. If this note falls under the eye of any one disposed to help in sending several hundred of such tracts in *Unity Mission series* as Mr. Lawrance has named to us, we shall be glad to add such help to that derived from other sources."

F. L. H.

Boston.—Richard H. Dana is to address the "Ministerial Union" on "Civil Service Reform."

—Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Secretary of the A. U. A., has addressed several local conferences on the great and growing opportunities of the Unitarian denomination and the need of larger resources.

—The Directors of the Unitarian Temperance Society have withdrawn from circulation the old pledge "B," "not binding myself to total abstinence," and have thus placed the society on a total abstinence basis.

—The Sunday-school Society will directly publish a new Christmas service with a leaflet of selections for recitation.

—By decision of the Council the next session of the National Conference is to be held at Saratoga next September and will convene in the new hall. Eastward the general feeling is that a large demonstration by the denomination should be, and can be, made in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, and that the Saratoga conference need not greatly interfere with it.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Miss Bartlett's return to her pulpit, after her summer abroad, was the occasion of a most pleasant and largely attended reception given her at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bragg, Friday evening, Oct. 14. "Home again, from a foreign shore" and other music voiced the joy of the home welcome. Her reappearance in the pulpit the following Sunday was greeted by a congregation that so filled the church that chairs were brought in. Miss Bartlett's sermon was upon "The Greatest Thing in the World," which she made to be Human Life and Character, a subject emphasized to her thought in her summer observation and experience. In November Miss Bartlett will begin a course of Sunday evening lectures and sermons in the Academy of Music, the present church being no longer adequate to the evening congregations that have been drawn to these services.

Rockford.—An enterprising member of Dr. Kerr's parish being present at All Souls Church the Sunday following the dedication, concluded to give his "party" for the winter in the way of a Sunday night address in his church, and arranged for the repetition of Mr. Jones' sermon last Sunday night. The beautiful auditorium was crowded to its utmost. After nearly a thousand hearers had got inside many had to go away for want of room. Other members of the parish are liking that way of giving a "party" and are thinking of following the example. Perhaps other men in other places will take the hint and entertain their friends by providing refreshment for head and heart rather than for the stomach.

Miner, Dak.—When noting what can be done in the country districts, by Unitarians, the example of Miner, Dak., should not be overlooked. Here, in a school-house, for four years a church has held regular Sunday services, maintaining a Sunday-school. Mrs. Wilkes, Miss Tupper, Mr. Lewellin have preached for them occasionally, and Mr. Mattock for the past year has preached to them once every month. The church has lived and thrived without any pastor through the faithfulness of its members.

Alton Ill.—The Unitarian church has found a successor to Rev. H. D. Stevens, called to Menominee, Wis., in Rev. Wilson M. Backus, who has recently been minister of the Universalist church in Lebanon, Ohio, and earlier over a church of the same fellowship in Sharpsville, Pa. Mr. Backus is a young man of earnest spirit and is making friends in his new field. He conducted one of the morning meetings at the recent Illinois Conference at Moline.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Rev. F. E. Dewhurst has entered upon his work as the successor of the lamented Oscar McCulloch in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. Mr. Dewhurst is spoken of as a man of large and inclusive sympathy and earnest spirit in his calling. *UNITY* is glad to see this important church shepherded again, and by one who will sustain the excellent traditions of its past.

Princeton, Ill.—The society in this place, "The People's Association," has just called Rev. G. W. Skilling, of Dixon, to be its minister for the coming year. Mr. Skilling entered upon his work last Sunday. Services were held in a pleasant hall, recently built and most conveniently situated. There was much interest shown in this local awakening to fresh activity in behalf of a free faith.

Warwick, Mass.—Rev. H. Tambs Lyche sailed from New York last Saturday to spend some time in Norway. Mr. Lyche is a native of Norway and is much interested in seeing what opportunities may now exist there for the spread of a free faith.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—The Semi-Annual Conference of Minnesota and the Dakotas meets at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Nov. 9 and 10. At Luverne, Nov. 11, Rev. M. W. Chunn will be installed as pastor of Unity church. A large delegation from the churches in the Conference is expected.

Laverne, Minn.—Mrs. Wilkes closed her five years' pastorate of Unity church, September first. Rev. M. W. Chunn, late pastor of the Congregationalist church at Glenwood, Minn., has accepted the unanimous call of the church to succeed her. He began his work Oct. 23.

Flushing, L. I.—The new Unitarian society holds meetings every Sunday evening in "The Free Library." Rev. C. E. St. John, of Pittsburg, recently preached here. Rev. Russell N. Bellows, of New York, has taken an active interest and has preached several times.

Madison, Wis.—Rev. G. W. Clare has supplied the Unitarian pulpit here the last three Sundays of October. He left on Monday to meet engagements previously made in the East. Rev. F. L. Hosmer will occupy the pulpit for the Sundays of November.

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Study. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Cloth, square 18mo, 75 pages, 30 cents.

Mr. Grumbine's statements are sound and well put. His book is the fruit of wide reading and investigation. It is a helpful one, is thoroughly interesting reading, and its presentation of the relation between evolution and Christianity includes much valuable thought.—*Buffalo Express.*

The God of Science.—By Francis

Ellingwood Abbot. Paper, 8vo, 16 pages, 10 cents.

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gelical Religion.—By B. F. Underwood. Paper, 24mo, 21 pages, 5 cents.

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- Sat.*—The world is so fruitful that we can hardly even blunder without bringing forth some good.

—H. W. Beecher.

One Little Shoe.

- "I belong," said the little shoe,
"To a baby fair with golden hair,—
With dimpled smiles
And cunning wiles,
And eyes of blue."
- "What do you do, you little shoe,
All the day?
Tell me, I pray,
Little shoe, what you do?"
- "Upstairs and down," said the wee shoe,
"Two little feet,
Dainty and sweet,
Patter about,
Indoors and out,
And take me, too."
- "What do you hear? Now, tell me true,
How they talk,
Where you walk,
You little shoe?"
- "What do I hear?" said the dainty shoe;
"Tender words, songs of birds,
Baby sighs, lullabies,
And laughter, too."
- "Where do you go, you dear wee shoe?
Do you weary
For land and sea,
For something new?"
- "Sometimes I sail," said the wee shoe,
"Across the sea.
Twixt you and me,
It is not best
To tell the rest!—
I'm baby's shoe."

—Amy E. Blanchard.

Feathered Jokers.

No one who has studied the ways of birds can doubt that many of them have a strong sense of humor. They play jokes upon each other, perhaps even on us, and they "see the point" in an astonishing way. The cat-bird is a notable example of the feathered joker, and the mocking-bird is little, if any behind him in this regard.

A droll exhibition of his love of fun was once given by a mocking-bird confined in a cage that was separated only by a network partition from a large family of canaries. When placed there, he seemed to be struck dumb by his voluble neighbors, while the truth was, he was simply biding his time.

Several days he remained silent, taking notes, mastering their song; and suddenly, without, so far as is known, any preliminary rehearsal, burst out into the canary song in a loud, ringing tone, that struck every little yellow throat speechless for a time.

After that it was his favorite amusement to keep quiet until half the hundred canaries were singing at the top of their voices, and then without warning, break into the *mélée* of music with their own trills and quavers, so loudly delivered as completely to eclipse them, and compel instant silence. Then he hopped gracefully back and forth on his perches, flirting his tail and jerking his wings to show his relish of the consternation he had caused.

A curious exhibition was given by a free mocking-bird toward a playful

kitten on the grass. The bird took his place on a tree almost directly above pussy, leaning far over, jerking his tail, and uttering a peculiar sound like the "fuff" of an excited cat. That is, in fact, the bird's war-cry, and for the little fellow to declare war upon the hereditary enemy of his race, even in infancy, was very droll, and his manner showed plainly that he intended it as a joke.

On one occasion in the South when something had attracted to a certain spot beyond the fence a crowd of enormous turkey-buzzards native to that part of the country, a mocking-bird chanced to notice the unusual gathering. His singing ceased, he flew across the yard, and perched on the fence close to where they were busily engaged in the road.

A few moments he stood motionless, looking at them, then suddenly with a loud war-cry dropped down among them.

Every one thought he would be killed, and started to help him. They were astonished to see the buzzards rise in a panic, and there were twenty of them.

The mocking-bird knew them better than we did, and meant it for a joke, for the next moment he hopped upon the fence, and again began his song, moving his body and jerking his wings in a very funny way.—*Sel.*

A Summer Without Nights.

To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during the greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies hidden in the frozen North are not hours of darkness—the refraction of his rays as he passes around the North Pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday, and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night." At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia there is a mountain on the summit of which the sun shines perpetually during the five days of June 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23. Every six hours a steamer leaves Stockholm crowded with visitors anxious to witness the phenomenon. At the same place during winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes in sight again for ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, gradually lengthening its stay, until finally it stays in sight continuously for upwards of 120 hours.—*American Youth.*

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Elijah and Elisha: Jahweh or Baal—which?

1 Kings 21:30 shows that the prophets had a hand in the division of the kingdom after Solomon's death. What was their motive? And how have we to explain that Jeroboam, the man of their choice, restored at Dan and at Bethel the bull-worship, which in the books of the Kings (1 Kings 14:7 to 10) always is called the sin of Jeroboam? (See B. f. L., 102, 103, and 109.)

As a step backward, it decreased again the difference that began to be felt between Jahweh and the Canaanite deities, until Elijah forced his people to take a choice between them.

Remember the legends of Elijah (so deeply felt in their poetic and moral strength by Mendelssohn Bartholdi in his beautiful oratorium) and of Elisha (1 Kings, chapters 17 to 19 and 21. 2 Kings 2 etc.). What might have been their historic foundation? (Knappert, pp. 104 to 109.) What is the false interpretation of 1 Kings 19:12, and what else may be its meaning?

What were the lessons, which the later prophets might learn from these legends? Who represents in them the reverse of what a true prophet of Jahweh ought to be. Were there such untrue selfish prophets? (1 Kings 22:1 to 28.)

Were there more reasons besides this one by force of which the prophetic profession threatened to decline? How had the prophetic character to change, in order to get a more lasting and heartfelt influence?

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What is a prophet? A prophet is he who

has a deep conviction about the needs and the duties of his age and cannot keep this for himself alone, even if he might endanger himself by saying it. Such men without fear or selfishness were Elijah in the time of King Ahab and Queen Jezebel, and Elijah's successor, Elisha. Unhappily they saw the greatness of their God in external more than in spiritual power and thereby they thought to serve his interests best by bloody violence.

Tell the legends of 1 Kings, chapters 17 to 19 and 21. To us these prophets are not more attractive than their stern God. But their firmness, courage and unselfish devotion to the cause of their God remains admirable.

In 2 Kings, chapter 5, Elisha is pictured as a man of the same character, who thought of the honor of his God more than of his own profit. Though we may be glad that there is no natural connection between falseness and leprosy, still we feel that Gehazi here is justly condemned as a false prophet, an unworthy disciple of his great master.

In 1 Kings 22:1 to 28 we must not think of a supernatural knowledge given to Micaiah above the four hundred other prophets, but there appears that even "the greater part of the prophets were commonplace men, from whose midst only some ones arose as the great heroes in intellect and in moral courage, the champions of the truth, who have conferred upon the name of prophet a lasting and well-earned glory."

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to learn. It is a clever bit of work. Its humor is rather too much in the periphrastic style, reaching results by too roundabout a way, but it is vastly amusing for all that. There is the most delightfully fantastic jumble of orientalism and the United States—the sixteenth century and to-day—of turban and stovepipe hat—and satire more or less caustic, or mocking, or merely merry, drips from every page. The ridicule cast on certain literalist interpreters of the Bible—the teaspoonful types of Christianity—is delicious. However, the reader is referred to itself, with a warning that unless he has a quick eye for folly himself he is not to try to take in this book in its whole purpose in the hop, skip, and jump style. There is more in it than that.—*The Chicago Times.*

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